

Claws

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Claws

by [venus43](#)

Summary

Taking a shallow breath, he pushes open the door, slipping through and closing it again, eyes scanning around to find *-oh*.

or, the one where george goes into heat and really needs dream's help

Notes

so i had originally wanted to do a much longer hogwarts au, and im definitely in the middle of it and i think it'll end up being really fun !! but sometimes sfw stuff gets a bit difficult and thus, this happens.

as always, i hope you enjoy, kudos and comments are very much appreciated too x

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

“God, what is that smell?”

Dream hums, turning to look at Sapnap, who’s sat at the opposite end of the couch to him and he sniffs, the faint vanilla smell that’s lingering around the room filling his nose. He breathes it in

slowly, furrowing his brows and glancing around to see if it could just be George, cooking something up in the kitchen- but alas, nothing.

“M’not sure,” Dream says, shrugging at his friend and returning his confused expression.

Barely seconds later, they both still, hearing a sound that could only be described as a mewl of sorts coming from the other room; Dream’s ears perk up, staring over at George’s door, with Sapnap doing the same thing. They watch as the door handle starts to rattle, waiting for George to come out and explain whatever the hell is going on in there, but nothing comes.

Turning away, Dream shrugs, catching Sapnap’s eye for a moment before turning back to the show he was watching. They barely get to watch another minute before a loud crash echoes towards them from the other room, making Dream’s head jerk up to search for what could have caused it.

“What the fuck is going on in there?” Dream hears Sapnap ask, before taking it upon himself to investigate.

With slow steps, Dream wanders over to his friends’ room, stopping by the door before raising a hesitant fist to knock three times. “George?” He asks softly, “Are you alright in there?”

A small cry comes from behind the door and Dream’s eyebrows furrow. He glances back at Sapnap who seems just as confused as he is, “If you don’t say anything I’m going to come in,” he continues, waiting for a response that never comes.

Taking a shallow breath, he pushes open the door, slipping through and closing it again, eyes scanning around to find -oh.

George stands in front of him on shaking legs, one hand resting on top on his chest of drawers and the other tugging at his own hair. His eyes are wide and brimming with tears, making him look completely wrecked and for a moment, Dream’s heart stops.

His eyes widen as he takes in the sight in front of him of George, George who’s still trembling and struggling to stay up, standing there in a large green hoodie- Dream’s hoodie. The sleeves fall down past his wrists, showing off only the tips of his fingers and leaving the rest of the material to hang down in front of his slim thighs, little black shorts poking out from underneath. For a moment, it’s as though he’s forgotten how to breathe, and he knows that now he’s definitely staring, but he can’t seem to tear his eyes away.

“Dream?” George asks, voice broken. His ears are drooping slightly, and his chestnut-brown tail wraps itself around his own waist. With a gasp, he falls down to his knees catching himself with one hand, and when Dream rushes over to scoop him up in his arms he looks as though he’s debating whether to pull the other man closer or push him away.

Dream lowers them both to the ground, with George sitting in front of him, looking as though he’s about to collapse with Dream sat close behind. The vanilla smell seems to become more, George’s -usually controlled- scent now seeping through his clothes and filling the air.

Frowning, Dream lifts a hand to rest on George’s forehead, flinching when he feels the warmth radiating off of George’s body. “Do you have a fever?” He asks, tone spiked with concern and he’s holding George up so his head can fall against Dream’s shoulder. He tugs him closer, so that George can sit with his legs pressed together over Dream’s lap, George’s arm digging into his chest slightly.

“No,” George whimpers, squirming around.

Dream tuts, looking at the smaller and bringing a hand to rub against the back of his ears, so used to this closeness between the two of them that he knows exactly where to press to get George purring quietly and leaning into the touch, his body relaxing. "What it is then?"

"I think I'm going into heat," George whispers, the weight on Dream's shoulder disappearing when George lifts his head to lock eyes with the other man.

"Heat?" Dream repeats, not quite understanding what George means.

Red flushes down to George's cheeks as he nods, his ears twitching slightly under Dream's confused gaze. "Like actual cats do," George explains, shame lingering in his voice, "It's like hell."

"Why?"

With a pained expression, George breaks away from the eye contact they were holding. "Because I don't have anyone to help me through it," He whispers.

"Aw, no baby," Dream coos, "I'll always be there for you."

Mewling, George dips his head back down, rubbing his face against Dream's chest so that he can no longer see the persistent blush that lies there. "Not like that," George explains, he pauses momentarily, having to force the words out "I need someone to look after me, the way a mate would."

Eyes widening comically, Dream goes back to stroking behind George's ears, feeling him tense up in anticipation for the others response. "So, you'd need help?" He brings his hand to the back of George's neck, tilting the hybrid's head back so that he can look down at him.

"You don't have to," George says weakly, predicting the words before they can even come out of Dream's mouth. As if to make his statement weaker, a random shudder rips through George's body, making him cry out loudly and shake in the other's lap.

"But I want to," Dream says. He watches George's tail unwrap from around his own waist and Dream uses his knowledge of the other to his advantage, taking a hand and stroking the base slowly, smiling as the smaller's head threatens to loll to the side at the unexpected touch. "Just tell me what you need."

George whines, a million thoughts probably running through his mind that Dream wishes he could hear. A soft cry escapes from his lips and George crumbles again in Dream's lap, hands twisting in the fabric of Dream's shirt, pulling the man down closer to him.

His shorts are riding higher on his legs, pale thighs pressing together as he squirms around, mouth dropping open, "Please fuck me," He begs, pressing his face into Dream's neck, his ears tickling under his chin, "I need it, I need it so bad- *please*."

He makes a distressed noise and Dream can't stop himself from cupping his cheek and nodding sincerely, manhandling George until he's sat straddling Dream's lap, so that their faces are so close Dream can hear every breath the brunet takes in.

For a moment, neither of them move, the tension hanging thick between them and it seems as though they'll be stuck waiting for the other forever until George mews faintly, sending Dream surging forwards to connect their lips.

He hears George gasp, movements messy and uncalculated and their noses hit against each other, Dream pressing harder against George and digging his hands into his waist - letting his composure

shatter, a low moan slipping from his throat. Nails dig into Dream's arm and he can feel the sweat on the smaller's palms, but he doesn't mind it, letting George grasp at every bit of skin he can find.

George shifts on his lap, rutting aimlessly against Dream and moaning brokenly into his mouth. "Bed," He says, "Bed - please, *move*," He tugs on Dream's shirt, not disconnecting their lips and letting him grip the undersides of his thighs to try and stand while keeping them pressed together.

Dream brings them both to the bed, slowly setting George down and leaning over him, hearing George panting loudly next to his ear and smiling. George writhes around underneath him, letting Dream pull away slightly to pull his shirt off and throw it down onto the floor, with a small cry. Cold hands slip up under the material of George's hoodie and Dream relishes in the small shudder that it draws from him.

"Is this mine?" Dream asks, peppering small kisses on George's neck and pulling on the material that pools around George's waist. He already knows the answer, but he wants to hear it from George.

Ears flattening down on top of the mess of brown hair, George nods, "Smell's good," he whines, "Needed it." Almost to reinforce his statement, he pushes his hips up against Dream's again, forcing Dream to moan low in his throat, and let the two of them fall into a rhythm, with Dream pushing down against him too, spurred on by the whimpers that tumble from George's lips.

George's hands roam up his naked torso, feeling around for every expanse of skin and connecting each freckle with shaking hands. He lets George do as he pleases while Dream keeps grinding down onto him, and if he's so hypnotised by George's every movement that he can't bring himself to stop and give George what he really needs.

He's never seen George so wrecked; desperate for Dream to pin him down and fuck him until he can't even think anymore, and Dream wants to sit there and take his time, stretch it out for hours until George is properly crying, begging deliriously for Dream to fill him up and use him until they're both riding the same high - but not tonight.

Clawing at Dream's chest, George sobs, pupils dilated and arms shaking. He doesn't even have to say a word for Dream to know exactly what he's trying to say. Leaning back, he pulls his shirt off, not giving George a chance to even breathe before his hands are dipping below the waistband of the other's shorts. "You sure you want this?" He asks, his head spinning ten times faster than before when George bares his throat and nods.

"*Please*," He says, sounding so different- so much better than anything Dream's heard before.

Quickly, Dream pulls the shorts down, seeing George's tented underwear and exhaling quietly. He takes the thin material and brings it past George's thighs, letting a grin form when the cool air hits George's cock and his hips jerk up, frantically searching for contact. He dips his head down and- *jesus*, the sight of George lying underneath him, leaking and begging would be enough to push him over on any other day. He feels himself straining against his jeans and half considers just staying there until he has the picture memorised. But he can't, not now at least, now he's doing this for George, and he isn't selfish enough to put his own pleasure first.

Slender fingers are quick to make their way to the button on Dream's jeans, unzipping them hastily before pushing the material down. Dream takes George's wrists in his hand and pushes them away, slipping his own jeans off, down past his ankles and throwing onto the pile of clothes.

"God," Dream breathes, fingers nudging at the spot between George's legs and using his left hand to keep George's leg bent. He feels the slick, pushing the tip of his index finger into George's hole

without much resistance. “Keep this up and I’ll just slide right in.”

George moans, high pitched and loud, spreading his legs as far as they can go to let Dream push his finger fully in, crooking it slightly to get George used to the feeling. It feels like he should be admiring the smaller, like he should do anything he asks in return for him falling apart so prettily underneath him, ears twitching and eyes fluttering shut. And perhaps he’s taking longer than necessary, prepping George with the first finger, but he can’t help it.

Nudging in the second finger, he watches George’s mouth form an ‘O’, his body convulsing as Dream smiles sadistically above him, letting George fall apart on his fingers and taking pleasure in doing so. He feels George’s tail wrap around his arm, silently pleading for him to stop teasing but he doesn’t let up.

God, George is *gorgeous*, and Dream wishes he’d noticed it before.

He pushes in the third finger, watching with lust filled eyes as George’s composure breaks even more, his moans getting louder, whinier, as Dream searches around for his prostate - knowing he’s found it when he hears George practically scream, back arching in pure bliss.

Dazed, Dream stares down at George, letting him whimper and stare back with wide, begging eyes. He can’t take his eyes off of George’s, still moving his fingers in a slow, unrelenting way, until George looks completely wrecked, broken and mouldable in his hands, his face a deep red, and feeble whimpers slipping from his red, kissed lips.

All he can do is squirm around under Dream, with Dream loving the feeling of power it gives him. He reaches a hand around to thumb the end of George’s cock that’s pressed up against his own stomach, hard and leaking against the material of Dream’s hoodie that he’s yet to take off.

“You look so good like this kitty,” Dream mumbles, George’s eyes widening at the nickname. He pushes into Dream’s palm, torn between fucking himself down on Dream’s fingers or chasing the pleasure. “So pliant and aching for me to fuck you. Is that what you want?”

“Yes,” George begs, “Please, *Dream*- Dream fuck me, *please*, I need it, god...” His words seem to die on his tongue when Dream pulls his fingers out, and he tugs Dream down, pressing their lips together and moaning at the contact.

Dream lets him guide the movements for a second, letting George’s hands come up to pull at his hair and groaning at the feeling. Their bodies are flush against each other, Dream’s hand dipping down into his own underwear, only just realising how hard he actually is. Without disconnecting their lips, Dream pulls off his remaining clothes, letting them fall to the floor.

He hears George huff impatiently, voice wavering slightly when he sobs, each word laced with need, “Fuck me already,” he shudders violently, Dream watching him in admiration.

With the way George keeps on producing slick, he won’t even have to use lube, and he can feel George’s nails digging into his arms when he presses the head of his cock up against his hole, stopping before he actually pushes in.

George can barely even form words, his mouth opening and closing randomly and the sight of him so ruined, both from his heat and the way that Dream is using him, forces all other thoughts out of Dream’s mind until all he wants to know is how far he can make the other fall. They’re both glossy with sweat and arousal and for a moment Dream can’t help but to wonder whether or not it’s just George’s desperation that’s making him act like this, or if it’s something more than that.

“Please.”

The sound of George whining brings Dream back to reality, urging him to push in slowly, the grip George has on his arms, almost bruising.

George squeaks, his ears standing up straight on his head and Dream keeps on pushing in, bringing his hand up to rub the back of George’s ear as a distraction - George purring under his breath.

He brings his lips to George’s cheek, eyes drifting down to graze over the gentle curve of his neck when a moan tumbles from his throat. “So good for me,” Dream smiles, moving back to stroke George’s cheek as he bottoms out, his cock hard and pressing into George’s body. Eyes twinkling, Dream admires the blush that spreads across George’s face, his chest rising and falling from the way his heart’s beating faster than it should.

George is still wearing his hoodie, bunched up around his sternum, the green material so perfect next to his pale skin. The desperation vibrates in George’s throat, Dream not moving and just letting George tremble, the flush reaching the top of his chest.

There’s a part of him that feels guilty, ashamed of the way his hips falter when George starts to get worked up and his ears twitch, eyes watering but not letting any tears spill down the side of his face. He’s revelling in how George’s words fall short on his tongue and how beads of sweat run down his body. He’s just so beautiful, being so good for him despite how badly he needs to cum.

“Move,” George pleads, *“Please move -”*

Dream shifts forwards, bringing their faces together and thrusting into George’s shaking body, feeling frantic hands come up to claw at his back, with muffled noises being passed between their lips when Dream presses George down onto the mattress, his tongue slipping into George’s mouth.

“So pretty,” Dream coos, hips snapping forwards to fuck further into George with each word. “Do you like it when I call you pretty Georgie?” He asks against George’s lips, unable to stop the words from coming out, but it’s worth it to see George nod so desperately.

“Yes, yes I love it,” He pants, fingernails scraping against Dream’s back before trailing up for fingers to curl in blond locks, the sharp tugs probably going to hurt tomorrow but Dream doesn’t mind, letting his eyes slip shut.

It’s pathetic, how Dream can’t look away no matter how hard he tries to, the feeling of George moving around like this on his cock overwhelming.

He angles his thrusts towards George’s prostate, chuckling when he hears the scream be ripped from George’s throat, indicating he found it. Dream watches his spine arch beautifully, something he’d only been able to imagine in his most vivid dreams. Knowing he was the one causing those noises makes him groan. Hypnotised by George’s parted and bitten lips and he watches the smaller’s head turn to the side, buried in his pillows and the green hood.

It’s almost too good.

Dream had been so preoccupied with just watching George that he’d practically forgotten how much the other man actually needs this. He could nearly smell George’s arousal, vanilla drifting towards him and making his head spin deliriously, his thrusts starting to speed up and tear shrill moans out of George.

Pure pleasure starts to build up in his stomach, his hips moving so quickly it doesn’t give George the time to regain his breath. He lets his head hang low in George’s neck, cock pounding into

George's spot without mercy.

Smiling against George's skin, Dream builds up into a rhythm that pushes him deep into George, who's voice sounds so broken he's not sure the other will be able to speak when they're done. "Tell me how pretty you are," he murmurs, feeling George tense up slightly and angling his hips away from his prostate to show him he's actually serious, "C'mon kitty."

"Dream," George whines, his face curling into a pout and his body twitching pathetically. "No, please, just *fuck me*."

"You're so beautiful," Dream continues, ignoring his pleas. "Can't you just say it for me?"

George whines again, face turning even more red if it's possible, he sobs feeling Dream slow his thrusts until they've almost stopped, keeping him buried inside of him, the feeling so intense it makes Dream shiver.

"You're gorgeous, aren't you?"

Mewling, George nods, his breathing laboured, and Dream can hear him struggle to find the words, "M'pretty," he whispers, the room so silent as Dream focuses on him, their faces so close Dream can feel the warmth of his own breath on his face. "M'pretty, okay Dream?"

"God I could stare at you all day." He doesn't register the words until they're out of his mouth, too late to stop them and he's almost mortified but then George squeaks, blushing furiously and bringing his hands up to cover his face- Dream batting them away quickly.

"Fuck me," George begs, so ruined and weak, and *god*, who is Dream to resist?

He doesn't hold back this time, letting himself fuck into George with reckless abandon, making sure to hit his prostate with every movement until George is fully screaming, his ears standing up straight on his head, so perfectly Dream thinks it just might kill him.

He pushes a sweaty palm between their bodies, taking a hold of George's sensitive cock without any warning, hearing George's moans get shriller, bouncing off the walls and dragging Dream down until he's groaning too, ecstasy flooding through his veins. Each stroke he times with his thrusts, tearing George apart until he can't lift his arms to pull Dream closer anymore.

Dream watches his cock slide in and out of George, feeling his own orgasm near and he's hyperaware of every sound that leaves George's mouth, and all he wants is to fuck George until he's high on the feeling of Dream inside of him, be able to ruin him so that even walking will be difficult.

He can tell when George gets close, his mouth opening up to form a silent scream, and he notices George trying to warn him, with flailing arms and short, loud moans, "Dream- I'm gonna -*ah* oh god - *Dream*."

"Come on kitty," Dream mumbles, not letting up, "Come on."

His thrusts get frantic as he tries to get George to his peak and he knows it won't take long, he jerks him faster, thumb pressing into the head of his red and angry cock and he's pressing into every sensitive spot he can. After seconds, George's back is arching again, and he's falling apart completely in Dream's arms, broken sounds escaping from his mouth before his head tips back fully.

He clenches, hard, around Dream's cock, his eyes rolling back behind heavy eyelids and his hands

grasp at the sheets. Dream thinks he could get drunk on the feeling of George coming undone underneath him like this, with the bed creaking and Dream never ceasing his thrusts, instead choosing to move his hands down to press George's hips down into the mattress to make sure he's still going as deep into George as physically possible.

He strokes George through his orgasm, the long silent scream coming from his mouth hotter than any other sound he's made so far. Panting, Dream can feel himself about to tip over the edge, its filthy and obscene but fuck, George writhing around like this, cumming hard onto his own chest and Dream's hoodie, is just too good.

He wonders if this is what heaven is like, if George is a gift crafted by the gods just to give Dream a taste. If he never gets to see George like this again, so blissed out and just letting Dream fuck him however he wants, then he's not sure he'll even have a purpose.

"Dream," he hears from underneath him, George's whimpering blocking out every other sound in the room. "*Dream please.*"

And that's enough to send him spiralling over the edge.

With a low moan, he thrusts forwards again, chasing his own orgasm until seconds later he finally reaches it, hips stuttering when he's spilling deep inside of George, pulling another little squeak from the smaller. Dropping his head, he tries to regain his breath, smiling at the way George is lying limp on his bed, trying to pull Dream into a hug with tired arms.

Slowly, he pulls out, exhaling loudly and seeing George wince. He watches George's eyes flutter shut, so fucked out and tired he can't move, and Dream hums softly at the sight. George tries to pull him close again, but Dream pulls back, rushing to clarify why when he sees the hurt look that flashes across George's face. "Can we cuddle?" George asks, his tail twirling around his body and resting on his own chest, that's still rising and falling as he comes off his high.

Dream nods, a smile finding its way onto his face. "Let me get a towel to clean you up first okay?"

George hums, his legs coming up to his chest as he nuzzles his head against the sheets of the bed. Dream pulls on his jeans tiredly, droplets of sweat still running down his chest and he moves towards the door, looking fondly at George before going to open it. He doesn't even take a step out before he stops in his tracks, mouth dropping open and face burning.

Sapnap's still sat there on the couch, face beet-red and mortification clearly present in his eyes. He fake gags, turning away from Dream and shaking his head.

Well fuck.

End Notes

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